



Wunderwaffe 011 by Usiel21

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Summary: A world engulfed in war, ready to set itself ablaze, in the midst of that chaos, Mike tries to keep his friends alive in the deadliest conflict in history. Eleven, a girl with the power only to destroy confronts her own darkness and forgotten past as she prepares to be the weapon that would end the world at war. Mileven, World War II AU

Wunderwaffe 011

You are about to embark upon the Great Crusade, toward which we have striven these many months.

The eyes of the world are upon you. The hopes and prayers of liberty-loving people everywhere march with you.

In company with our brave Allies and brothers-in-arms on other Fronts you will bring about the destruction of the German war machine, the elimination of Nazi tyranny over oppressed peoples of Europe, and security for ourselves in a free world.

Your task will not be an easy one. Your enemy is well trained, well equipped, and battle-hardened. He will fight savagely.

I have full confidence in your courage, devotion to duty, and skill in battle. We will accept nothing less than full victory.

Good Luck! And let us all beseech the blessing of Almighty God upon this great and noble undertaking.

General Dwight D Eisenhower. June 6th 1944.

The cold spray of the sea was fierce and torrent, raging around them as they moved steadily onwards across the English Channel, the weather of the country was making itself known to these foreigners who dared to cross its waters. Its chaotic nature was a foreshadowing of things yet to come, Mike peered over the side and gazed into the murky depths before raising his head to see the beach in the far off distance, a mere haze upon the horizon.

He squinted his eyes trying to make out any distinct features, the concrete bunkers starred silently back, eerily, like an abyss. Mike gulped slightly knowing what he was about and everyone around him was about to undertake, the effort that they had striven towards for many months.

The hopes of the free peoples of the world lay upon their shoulders and Mike almost felt crushed by the immense pressure. He looked

back behind him discreetly, his gaze hardened and his resolve was steeled towards what needed to be done and was to about to be done.

"INCOMING BANDIT! HEADS DOWN!"

Everyone ducked as the distinct shape of a Messerschmitt BF-109-E swooped down like a deadly bird of prey upon the hapless men in each boat, desperately clinging to their helmets as the German plane laced down fire from its guns, Mike shut his eyes tight as he heard the ripping of metal, the plane flew past, Mike looked up just to see a ship to his left slowly sinking beneath the waves. Its murky depths slowly filling with blood. Mike gulped, trying to swallow what fear had risen to the surface

The Driver at the back spat on the floor and cursed loudly.

"God Fucking Damn it!" he shouted watching the Plane vanish from sight.

"I thought the Luftwaffe wasn't stationed here!" a Soldier from the back shouted.

"when has intelligence ever been right?" the driver replied curtly. There was a silent agreement between the men at that who lapsed into silence once more, the sound of the engine and the crashing of waves filled their silence.

As the beach grew ever closer Mike could see tank barriers and tank stoppers lining the beach, barbed wire was lain across the beach too, deadly rolls of it, thick and sharp, no one would get through it unscathed or across it alive for that matter. Mike felt a tap on his shoulder, he turned to see Lucas offering him a piece of fresh gum. Mike nodded appreciatively plopping the gum into his mouth hoping that it would settle his jangled nerves.

For days the invasion of Normandy was postponed again and again, it made him ansty. It made everyone ansty. But now Mike was wishing they back on the British Isles, separated from the Germans by several miles of water.

"Thirty seconds!"

Mike felt his stomach drop, this was it, oh god.

Mike turned once more to look at his squad.

Lucas. The only black servicemen in the invasion as far as he knew, it was highly irregular for someone of his colour to be here, be he was an exceptional marksman. Better than most, with vouching from Mike, his squad and several men from the company Lucas was added somewhat reluctantly to the group but Mike was eternally grateful to have him here. Lucas absent-mindedly fiddled with the magnification on his Springfield .03. The Sniper's weapon of choice.

Dustin. A burly man and Mike would dare say the porkiest member of his little band. Yet Dustin was invaluable, his strength was greatly appreciated, the only member able to effectively carry around the BAR or the Browning Automatic Rifle. A powerful weapon in Dustin's hands or in any Soldier's hand who could heft it around. He carried other bits of equipment that most men simply couldn't carry. Such as extra stripper clips, Grenades, both smoke and lethals.

Will. Small and diminutive was the Medic. His slender hands were able to use medical equipment effectively with great precision and care. Before the war started he had been training to become a Surgeon but that was put on hold as the United States Army had been needing people to move into roles of every type, at the time Will saw it as a great way to learn on the job. Yet the things that Will had seen had haunted him most nights. Mostly of the people that couldn't be saved. Their injuries too great, crying for their mothers which was usually their last breath as what was left of the light had faded away into nothingness. He Carried the .30 M1 Carbine.

And he himself. Mike. The Captain. The Leader. But as of this moment Mike didn't feel like a leader of men. No he wanted nothing more than to jump out and swim back to England if he could. But alas it was not to be. He summoned what reserves of courage and the slithers of Bravery that he had left and faced it with a steady composure. He had to be strong, strong for those who relied him to get them through Hell.

The engines grinded to a halt, a shrill whistle pierced the air. And the handle began to turn at the front... this was it.

Mike recalled something as he watched the handle spin

And when he goes to Heaven,
To St. Peter he will tell:
Another Solider reporting, Sir;
I've served my time in hell.

"Clear the ramp! GO! GO! GO!

The Ramp slammed down into the water. There was a deafening pierce in the air as bullets rained in on them and every other landing craft that managed to make it to the beach now found themselves under a barrage of Nazi gunfire.

This was not good. The water was up to everyone's necks. They couldn't take their weapons from the cases because the water could jam their weapons. The only thing they could do now was wade through the murky waters and get onto the beach. Landing Craft that had managed to make to the shoreline deployed their ramps and yet as the men inside filed out onto the beaches they were swiftly cut down mercilessly by the Germans.

Mike had managed to make it on the beach. Muzzle flashes emanated from within the bunkers that stood tall over the beach, bearing down upon them all.

Being relatively Safe within their bunkers a crew on the German MG-42 machine gun reloaded their weapon, placing another belt into the chamber, one held the belt steady assisting with the belt feeding the weapon, preventing it from jamming. Their fire was frantic and precise. Cutting down swathes of American men in droves. It was methodical, heartless and unrelenting.

Mike had managed to take cover against a tank stopper, its frame barely big enough to encompass the entirety of his form. The hammering sound of the relentless gunfire from Hitlers Buzz-saws. Mike noticed other landing craft had managed to make it ashore, the ramps being rapidly deployed shoving men head first into War.

On the right bunker a German Officer watched the commotion upon the beachheads. Concern was etched upon his features as several

dozen American Soldiers fought their way up the beach.

"dort 1 'uhr! Lass sie nicht die Seemauer erreichen!"

(there 1 o'clock! don't let them reach the sea wall!)

The Gunners swirled round the MG's and began to tear a swathe into the American reinforcements, it was a relentless fury of the Third Reich. The Shoulder of the gunners began to go numb with the constant vibrations as they fought the recoil of these powerful weapons of terror.

Mike watched as the machine gun fire swerved away from his position. Shutting his eyes tightly, he sprung to his feet, dashing across the sand as fast as his lanky legs could carry him towards to Fire and Fear. Several of the other pinned down men watched this and proceeded to follow Mike and flew forwards to the seawall, where sand and barbed wire awaited them.

Several stayed further back taking careful aim at the bunker slits, only their weapons didn't have such an effective range nor did the soldiers taking aim have accuracy either to make clean cut Kills on the MG nests. Nevertheless it was enough to briefly hinder the enemy with suppressive fire.

Mike slammed himself into the ground, hardly daring to believe that he had made it. The heavier form of Dustin also slammed down beside him, his BAR covered in sand yet amazingly it still functioned.

"Have you seen the others!" Mike yelled, covering his face with his arm as a shell landed nearby, spraying them with sand.

Dustin slipped out a magazine of BAR ammunition, he tapped it on the side of his helmet before sliding it home into his weapon.

"Not seen them since the ramp was deployed!" Dustin yelled back, desperate to be heard over the roaring sounds of War. At this point this could hardly be considered to war, it was more of a malfunctioning slaughterhouse Mike noted darkly.

Several other Soldiers slammed down into the sand next them.

"McManus here Sir!"

"Turner reporting Sir!"

"Enough of this sir bullshit! Who's the highest ranking man here?"

"You are, Captain" McManus Replied picking bits of sand from the iron sights of his M1 Garand

Mike sighed to himself "Fan-Fucking-Tastic" he muttered to himself. He rolled himself to the right.

"Dustin. How much ammo do you have?" Mike asked keeping his head down.

"Not much Mike. I used most of it to push myself up here" Dustin admitted grimly.

"Here man, take this!" Turner yelled, he tossed a spare magazine of BAR ammo to Dustin who caught it graciously, it was only twenty rounds in a mag but even on this God-forsaken beach, twenty rounds could make all the difference.

"Where the fuck are the Tanks?!" Mike shouted.

"Sinking to the bottom of the channel, there's too many Obstacles littered over this beach, Fritz knew we were coming" Turner replied.

More explosions rocked around them from Mortar and Artillery barrages. Dustin swallowed nervously trying to drown out the sounds of the screams, most belonging to those barely out of boyhood.

"There's Will!" Dustin shouted. Mike whipped his head around, sure enough there was Will. Mike huffed in annoyance spotting that Will had long discarded his M1 Carbine in favour of being hands free. Upon his Helmet sat the Red Cross insignia. Knowingly shooting at a Medic was a War Crime but even then stray bullets stilled veered towards him.

Will was kneeled with two other medics, attempting to help a wounded a Solider who had been struck by around three rounds from an MG-42, yet miraculously had somehow managed to survive but he

was bleeding out. Despite the efforts by three Medics working to stop the bleeding.

"He's Gone!" The Medic shouted proceeding with his fellow Medic to the next person shouting the cries of Medic! Will however, simply sat there in the midst of all the chaos that rained in around him. Ignoring the calls of "Will" from both Mike and Dustin.

Protected by the Geneva Convention or not, Will was in Danger and wasn't shaken out of his stupor until a rough pair of hands half-dragged him away, shoving him down into the sand by the sea wall. Barely avoiding the hailstorm of bullets that followed in their wake.

"God-damn it Will!" Mike hissed throwing himself beside him "You trying to get yourself Killed?!" Will Looked up to Mike, his eyes Sad and guilt-ridden. "Look everyday is a good day to die but let's not make it today okay?" Mike spoke a little softer. Will gave Mike a small smile and with a nod regained some of his former courage, Mike was right, dying today was simply not an option.

"Good, you are no use being bullet-bait out there..." He halted "See if you can find yourself another Carbine down the Seawall" Will nodded quickly and lowered his head, sprinting swiftly down the beach to find himself a replacement weapon.

Mike tapped Dustin on the shoulder roughly "We need to move these Men off the beach!" Mike shouted above the droning noise of war. Dustin shook his head exasperated. Whistle... Boom. A shell had landed on the other side of the seawall luckily enough for them.

"Where man?! There's nowhere to move them too..." Explosion "God fucking dammit..." Dustin yelled.

"Lets try and get as many to the seawall as possible!" Mike yelled, his mouth full of the bitter taste of sand "Send word down the beach to put controlled and constant fire on those bunkers, two fire teams per group. As one reloads the other fires" Dustin nodded about to turn away before Mike spoke again

"And tell them to fire slowly, we want no-one running out of the ammo before this day in hell is out, Go!" Mike rolled to his left to

McManus and Turner to tell others the same. As this steady stream of bullets started to lace the bunkers the German defenders inside became more weary as they maintained fire. Problem was they had to pause fairly often for a second or two to avoid the suppressive fire the Americans were now putting down.

Slowly but steadily American men started to inch their way up the beach to the seawall which looked so far away. Yet most importantly the engineers that were carrying the Bangalore Torpedo's were able to push forward, without them getting through the barbed wire it would be a massacre reminiscent of No Man's Land during the Great War.

"Come on!" Mike shouted, waving his hand frantically towards one of these engineers. That was until he was gunned down by an ungodly amount of bullets from a German MG nest littered across the cliff side. He moved no more. Mike cursed bitterly.

"Mike I got someone!" Will had returned with Carbine in hand but following close behind was another engineer with the sorely needed explosives. As the engineer got his Bangalore ready Mike span onto his front and laced the bunker closest to him with his Thompson, although it's effective range barely reached the bunker it was enough to deter any return fire for the moment.

The Engineer began the process of setting up the Bangalore's for detonation. His hands fast and steady even though bullets rained down upon them all like the wrath of God. But even then the wrath of the almighty himself wasn't as merciless as this.

"if any of you need ammo now is the time to get It, GO! GO!" Several men managed to swiftly reach their fallen comrades, taking bandoliers, stripper clips, magazines, grenades. Anything that was of use that had survived the initial landing and subsequent bombardment from the Germans.

"I thought the Navy was supposed to have softened the defences up for us!?" Turner shouted as a round smacked into the sand mere inches from his head.

"Well they did but it obviously wasn't enou-" PING. McManus fell

backwards into the sand. Blood began to slowly seep down from the top of his helmet.

"MEDIC!" Turner shouted rushing over to his fallen friend. Hysterical cries for a medic could be heard down the seawall but everyone there knew he was a goner. His lifeless eyes stared up into the sky.

Mike grabbed him roughly by the collar with both hands and pulled them both back to the floor before he was shot by the enemy.

"He's dead! Pull yourself together!" Mike said roughly slapping the side of his helmet twice, it was enough to bring Turner back to his senses, shakily he reached for his BAR although he did spare a mournful glance towards his fallen friend. He began to focus his fire back on the bunkers.

The engineer lit the fuse on the Bangalore and roughly pushed it further into the barbed wire separating them from the German lines. Mike took one look with wide eyes.

"BANGALORE! CLEAR THE SHINGLE! FIRE IN THE HOLE!" He screamed loudly diving away from the impending explosion. Promptly every other man near enough scurried into what cover they could before there was a deafening bang that even briefly muffled the sound of the MG nests.

"Defilade! Defilade! Get on the other side of the Seawall God-damn it" Mike shouted quickly, his hand movement precise and consistent.

"What about Lucas?!" Dustin shouted reloading his BAR.

Mike cursed silently and quickly scanned the beach behind for a sign of the Sniper but it was a futile effort, too many bodies and too much blood.

"He'll have to look after himself right now" Mike replied although it was painful for him to say, he couldn't worry about him right now, not when he had other lives right here that he had to get through this day.

"Shit" Dustin said quietly "Defilade! You Men follow me, keep it tight, Let's Go!" Dustin yelled and like a raging madman he was the first to

cross the threshold of the destroyed barrier and ran into the gaping jaws of Hell itself.

"You heard him! Defilade!" Mike shouted, he raised his Thompson "Covering Fire!" with skilled hands he pulled the trigger and fired short controlled bursts at the Bunkers as numerous American soldiers rushing through the destroyed seawall.

It simply was not enough. The MG nests suddenly noticed the hole in their defences and reacted accordingly. Bullets tore into many of them, ripping them to shreds within seconds. Their bullet mutilated bodies were flung to the floor.

As the last of his men pushed through he too pushed forwards but as the last man and with no one providing covering fire for him the MG nests had turned their attention to the Captain.

That was until someone barrelled right into him tackling him into the sand and out of sight of the MG nests, barely avoiding the hailstorm of bullets that had followed in their wake. Mike opened his eyes to see that Lucas had been the one to tackle him to the ground, his 03 Springfield was slung over his shoulder.

"Lucas!" Mike shouted happily, clasping his hand in his friends free hand tightly "you son of a bitch" Mike laughed. Lucas returned the sentiment. Both friends smiled before twisting themselves round to gaze up at the imposing structure of the German Bunkers.

"I think they have forgotten about us already, Mike" Lucas said above the droning sound of machine gun fire.

Mike carefully peered over the mound of sand up at the Bunker slits. "I think you're right" Mike muttered quietly.

"Go!" Lucas yelled, both of them bounded to their feet and ran straight across the sand on the other side where the men Mike had sent lay in wait for them. At least what was left of them, three of which included Turner, Dustin and Will.

"Awaiting your orders, Captain" Dustin with a hint of a smile.

Regaining his composure and his breath for the matter Mike slipped

of mind felt.

"Good Morning, Eleven" He said warmly.

"Good Morning, Papa" she said returning the sentiment.

"You may be at ease now" He said.

Her shoulders slumped slightly at his permission.

"Today is a very important day for us Eleven. Today we are going to be testing your limits much further than we ever have before. Today you shall make me very proud, do you think you can do that for me?" Brenner said placing a hand on her shoulder.

She turned her head slightly looking straight into his eyes.

"Yes, Papa" She replied gently.

"Excellent" His warm smile never left as he slowly guided her from the room.

Her time was spent on focusing her power of telekinesis in ways that could be weaponized for War. Hitler himself had commissioned the project thirteen years ago after learning about the girl that could move things with her mind. He had envisioned her as the ultimate weapon against what Hitler believed to be Germany's greatest foe. Communism.

The Bolshevik menace in the East. She was to be used to slaughter them all. She had been doing physical and mentally draining tests without pause all morning but she wanted to make him proud. She that she was worthy. She had been slowly lifting a 57-ton Tiger Tank into the air. It was utterly exhausting but as she managed to finally lift the Behemoth into the air, her concentration was interrupted by furious shouting. She jumped out of her skin when the Tiger slammed down into the floor.

The door burst opened and Brenner marched in looking absolutely enraged. Two more men entered behind him with SS insignia on their collars.

"I am telling you she is not ready!" Brenner shouted. His face red.

"We do not care. The Fuhrer has ordered all available military resources be deployed effective immediately!"

"This. Is. An. Outrage" Every word was uttered slowly and laced with malice.

"Dr. Brenner, the Fuhrer has been an admirer of your work but you must understand, things have changed, we are now fighting a war on two fronts!" the SS officer spat.

Brenner, paled and gulped, clearly not expecting the news.

"Wait, what are you talking about?"

"The Western Allies are at this very moment attacking beaches and landing zones across Normandy and the Russians are gaining mile after mile with every passing hour."

"What about the Panzer Divisions, has the Fuhrer not ordered them in to reinforce the beachheads?"

The SS officer looked uncomfortable.

"He allowed the 12th SS Panzer Division closer to the coast but no other units are to move unless ordered too directly from Hitler and Rommel is on leave with his family so his reserves are without their commander" he replied curtly

Brenner considered his options for the moment before slowly nodding his head at the SS officer.

"Very Well, do what you must" Brenner said.

"Do not fret Doctor, you will be accompanying her to the western front. You have three days" he said

Brenner nodded quickly again.

"Heil Hitler" the SS officer saluted.

"Heil Hitler" Brenner replied numbly.

Eleven had been watching the exchange silently. They both had been speaking German which she was fluent in as well as English. The SS officer and his companion left allowing the metal door behind them to slam shut with a resounding echo and metallic clang.

He looked to Eleven and smiled.

"Show me Eleven" he said.

She eagerly focused her energies once more and the Tiger tank groaned in protest as it steadily rose up from the floor. He watched with a raised eyebrow as she lifted the monstrosity from the ground.

He only hoped it was enough to win them the War.

Because he dread to think what would happen if Germany had lost once more.

(A/N) okay so I have had almost no inspiration for the Mark of Cain guys, that story is literally kicking my ass but hey ho I thought I would get the first chapter for this wrote and the words just begun to flow lol but I am working on the next chapter for the mark of cain, I hope to get that finished soon.

As always guys, review! And until next time, peace!